

MARVEL

DEADPOOL KILLS DEADPOOL



#4

BUNN
ESPIN
GANDINI

**PARENTAL
ADVISORY!
NOT FOR KIDS!**



DEADPOOL KILLS DEADPOOL

MAN, I HOPE YOU'RE NOT A FAN OF DEADPOOL.

YOU KNOW WHO I MEAN, RIGHT? WADE WILSON, THE MERC WITH THE MOUTH?

CAUSE HE DIES IN THIS ISSUE. A BUNCH. OH, SPOILER. SORRY. BUT IT'S IN THE TITLE, SO...COME ON.

HERE'S THE SITCH: ACROSS THE MULTIVERSE, THERE ARE AN INFINITE NUMBER OF DEADPOOLS—ONES THAT ARE HEROES, ONES THAT ARE VILLAINS, ONES THAT HAVE BEARDS OF BEES (R.I.P.). ONE OF THOSE DEADPOOLS IS THE DEADPOOL OF EARTH 616—THE ONE WHO'S KINDA-SORTA-MAYBE A LITTLE HEROIC, SOMETIMES. HE'S THE ONE YOU'RE USUALLY READING ABOUT IN COMICS.

BUT THERE'S ANOTHER DEADPOOL, A DARKER DEADPOOL, A DEADPOOL WHO IS OUT TO END ALL OF EXISTENCE. HE BELIEVES THAT IF THE DEADPOOLS OF THE MULTIVERSE ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO KNOW THEY ARE FICTIONAL CHARACTERS...THEN THEY MUST BE THE PROGENITORS OF ALL REALITY! AS SUCH, THE ONLY WAY TO WIPE OUT EVERYTHING IS TO DESTROY ALL DEADPOOLS!

ALL THE DEADPOOLS ACROSS ALL REALITIES HAVE BEEN RECRUITED—EITHER BY THE DARK DEADPOOL TO HELP DESTROY EVERYTHING OR BY HIS OPPOSITION. THING IS, AT LAST COUNT, THE NIHILIST SIDE WAS WINNING BY A LOT. THE ONLY PEOPLE LEFT ON THE GOOD SIDE ARE DEADPOOL-616 (THE REAL ONE, FOR SERIOUS), PANDAPOOL (THE SPECIES THAT ENDANGERS YOU) AND A WHACKED-OUT WATCHER WHOSE JOB IT IS TO WATCH ALL DEADPOOLS. YEAH—THE DEADPOOL CORPS ARE ALL DEAD. MORE OF A DEADPOOL CORPSE, NOW.

ALL RIGHT, LET'S WATCH SOME DEADPOOLS DIE, SHALL WE?

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MAN AGAINST
DUCK!

DUCK AGAINST
MAN!

PANDA
AGAINST BIG,
BABY-HEADED
ME!

QUACK-FU
AGAINST
KUNG-FU!

DINOSAUR
AGAINST THE
LAWS OF NATURE
AND COMMON
SENSE!

WAAAUGH!

IF THIS DOESN'T
WARRANT A SPLASH
PAGE, I DON'T KNOW
WHAT DOES!

Salvatore Spina
2014







THE PRICE IS
NOT ONE YOU
CAN PAY, WADE
WILSON.

THIS WORLD'S
NEXUS OF ALL
REALITIES HAS
COLLAPSED.

TEARING IT
OPEN ONCE MORE
WILL REQUIRE THE
EXPENDITURE OF
GREAT COSMIC
ENERGY.



WHU--



I HAVE
LEARNED MUCH
BY OBSERVING
YOU, WADE
WILSON.

AND IF I AM
TO LIVE...IF I AM
TO DIE...THEN I SHALL
DO SO WITH THE
PANACHE OF
DEADPOOL.

I SHALL
PLAY BY MY
OWN RULES...

...WITH A
CHORUS OF JOE
ESPOSITO, JOURNEY,
AND WHITESNAKE
EVER-PRESENT
IN MY BRAIN.



GO.

SAVE ALL OF
EXISTENCE.

KICK
YOUR OWN
ASS.





THIS OTHER GUY...JERKPOOL OR WHATEVER HE CALLS HIMSELF...

...HE PROBABLY THINKS HE'S GOT US OVER A BARREL...

...DIDN'T THINK WE'D GET OURSELVES A WATCHER JUMP-START.



HE'LL NEVER SEE US...



...COMING.

DEADLALAPOOLOOZA.

COOL.





...WE'VE GOT A WAR TO WIN.

I AM...

...DEADPOOL!

SQUEEEEE!

WHU...

WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

YOU GUYS ARE ON MY SIDE?



I WOULD HAVE SAID YOU WERE ON OUR SIDE.

BUT... WHATEVER FLIES YOUR KITE.



FORSOOTH!

WE ARE THE LAST BASTION AGAINST YON APOCALYPSE!

LO, WE MAKE READY TO LAY SIEGE TO OUR ENEMY'S CITADEL!



WHAT HE'S TRYING TO SAY IS--

--YOU'RE WITH THE GOOD GUYS NOW.



GOOD... BAD...

WE'RE THE GUYS WITH THE PANDA.

NOW...

"...LET'S CUT TO
THE DAMN ACTION
MONTAGE!"







EVIL FORTRESS...
MARKED IN DRIPPING
BLOOD WITH MY VERY
OWN TRADEMARKED
SYMBOL...



I ALWAYS
THOUGHT I WAS
MORE OF A TROPICAL
ISLAND PARADISE
HEADQUARTERS
KIND OF SUPER
VILLAIN.

FRUITY
BEVERAGES...JIMMY
BUFFETT...RUTHLESS
KILLER SHE-ASSASSINS
IN TEENIE WEENIE
YELLOW POLKA
DOT BIKINIS...

BUT THIS
SEEMS LIKE AS
GOOD A PLACE AS
ANY TO FINISH
THE DANCE.



FIRST STEP,
ASK HER OUT
AND TREAT HER
LIKE A LADY.

SECOND STEP,
TELL HER SHE'S
THE ONE YOU'VE
BEEN DREAMING
OF.



THIRD STEP,
TAKE AIM RIGHT
BETWEEN THE EYES
AND PULL THE TRIGGER
'TIL YOU CAN'T STAND
THE SOUND OF DRY-
FIRING.



LUCY!

I'M--







I KNOW
IT'S HARD
TO SEE...

...ESPECIALLY
AS I TRY TO
DECAPITATE
YOU...

...BUT I'M
NOT THE VILLAIN
HERE!



IT'S THE
CONTINUITY.

THE CONTINUITY
HAS US TRAPPED...
LIKE FLIES ON A
GLUE STRIP...

...ABUSING
US...MAKING US
SUFFER...MAKING
US DANCE LIKE
PUPPETS...

...TURNING
US INTO GUINEA
PIGS...AND...



AND MAMA
NEVER LOVED
US?

I GET IT.
YOU HAD A
ROUGH LIFE.

YOU KNOW
WHO ELSE HAD A
ROUGH LIFE?

EVERYBODY!



EXACTLY!

THE WORLD...
THE UNIVERSE...
ALL OF EXISTENCE...
SUFFERS!

AND
IT'S OUR
FAULT!

WE ARE
THE SOURCE. WE
GAVE BIRTH TO
THIS WORLD.



YEAH...I'VE
HEARD THAT I'M-
THE-SELF-AWARE-
CREATOR-OF-ALL-
THINGS-MULTIVERSAL-
BABY-DADDY
BEFORE.

LEMME
ASK YOU
THIS.

IF WE'RE
SO HIGH-AND-
MIGHTY, WHY DON'T
WE FIX IT? Y'KNOW...
WITHOUT KILLING
EVERYBODY?

WHY DON'T
WE DREAM UP
A BETTER LIFE?



WE BOTH KNOW WHY.

YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS WON'T LET YOU.



YOU HATE YOURSELF FAR TOO MUCH!

ALL THE PAIN...ALL THE LOSS...ALL THE LONELINESS...

YOU BROUGHT IT ON YOURSELF.



YOU CREATED THIS HELL.

YOU'RE THE DEVIL!



I CAST ASIDE THE CHAINS. I EMBRACE THE COMING OBLIVION.

I WON'T ALLOW MYSELF TO REGENERATE.

BECAUSE THAT'S HOW THIS WORLD-DESTROYER ROLLS.

YOU COULD FREE YOURSELF... JUST LIKE ME...

OR YOU COULD WASTE ALL THAT ENERGY ON KEEPING YOUR UNIFORM SO PIMP.



I MEAN, DIDN'T YOU START THIS LITTLE ESCAPE WITH A CHAINSAW THROUGH THE GUT?

YOUR CLOTHES DON'T LOOK THE LEAST BIT BLOODY.

YOU MUST BE A WHIZ WITH A SHOUT WIPE AND SOME THREAD.

HUH?



"NO...I CHANGED..."

"DIDN'T I?"





...OR IT MIGHT MEAN YOU SIMPLY DON'T WANT TO DIE RIGHT NOW.

HNH?

N-NO...



SEE?

FOR ALL THAT ZEALOTRY... YOU'RE NOT AS DIFFERENT AS YOU THINK YOU ARE.

IT'S OKAY.

A LOT OF FOLKS GET MIXED UP.



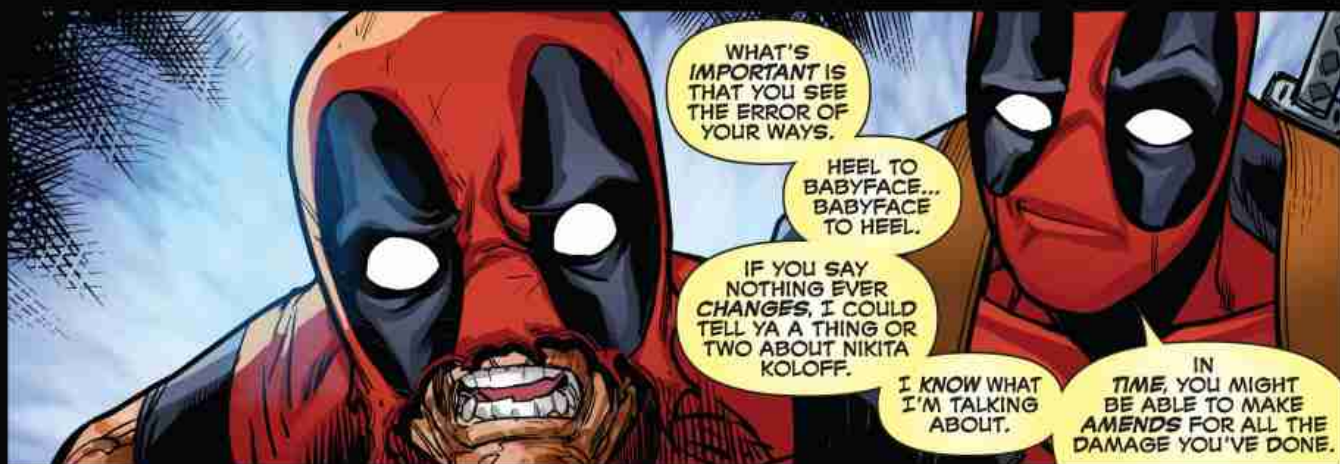
BUT I JIMINY-CRICKETED YOU BACK TO YOUR SENSES.



BUT ALL THOSE PEOPLE... ALL THOSE WORLDS...

I KILLED SO MANY...

...TRYING TO SET THEM FREE.



WHAT'S IMPORTANT IS THAT YOU SEE THE ERROR OF YOUR WAYS.

HEEL TO BABYFACE... BABYFACE TO HEEL.

IF YOU SAY NOTHING EVER CHANGES, I COULD TELL YA A THING OR TWO ABOUT NIKITA KOLOFF.

I KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT.

IN TIME, YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO MAKE AMENDS FOR ALL THE DAMAGE YOU'VE DONE.



THE MULTIVERSE MIGHT'VE FORGIVEN YOU, Y'KNOW?

BUT NOT ME.

YOU KILLED MY FRIENDS.

YOU DON'T GET A PASS.



HERE'S A LITTLE SOMETHING TO OCCUPY THOSE LAST FEW THOUGHTS OF YOURS.

SOMETHING TO TAKE YOUR MIND OFF THIS UNIVERSAL ACID I'M DOUSING YOU WITH.



I DID CHANGE CLOTHES, DIDN'T I?



AW, WHO CARES?
LAST DEADPOOL STANDING!
REPRESENT!





OF COURSE, IF I AM SOME SORT OF COG IN THE CELESTIAL MACHINE...

...THE OIL ON THE MULTIVERSAL GEARS...

...THE SPARK OF CRAZY FUNK THAT FUELS ALL THINGS...



...MAYBE I'M NOT ALONE AFTER ALL.

MAYBE THERE'S STILL A FEW DEADPOOLS OUT THERE IN THE CABBAGE PATCH.

AND MAYBE... IF THEY'RE LUCKY... THEY'VE GOT NO IDEA THAT ANY OF THIS EVER HAPPENED.



THAT GIVES ME THE WARM FUZZIES.

NOW...HOW THE \$\$\$ DO I GET BACK HOME?



HRM



GOTTA HAND IT TO MY BOY.

HE PULLED IT OFF...SAVED THE DAY.

HRM

MEANS I GOTTA THINK OF SOME REALLY EVIL \$\$\$ TO INFLECT ON HIM NEXT!

END?

NEXT:

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEADPOOL

